



*Red Tomatoes*  
By Kelsey Gibbs  
Teacher: Mr. Secino

My world is dark and breathless  
For he holds me far too tight,  
His palm is damp and sweaty,  
Then he throws with all his might.

I hurdle through the wounded air  
With the ashen crowd below  
The air is dense with insults,  
Slung at the formidable foe.

But when I saw their hatred,  
It was not a beast of any kind  
Her head was low, her skin was dark,  
A girl of only eight or nine.

She was determined to continue  
Though they threw the "Nigger!" mines,  
Steadfast she tread, she neared it,  
I saw the fear in all their eyes.

My body broke abruptly,  
A gray wall clashed against my head,  
Shattered by the white man  
It was on that wall I bled.

She took her last few steps,  
Made it in the door unscathed,  
But they could not see her heavy heart  
In the meek way she behaved.

I lay cracked and bleeding,  
My cautious message left unsaid,  
If I could only tell them,  
"In the end we all bleed red."